"I cannot imagine."
"No. I don't think you would guess.
Every pocket stuffed with pennies and
half-pennies—421 pennies and 270 half-pen-

hes. It was no wonder that it had not been swept away by the tide. But a hu-man body is a different matter. There is a flerce eddy between the wharf and the

house. It seemed likely enough that the weighted coat had remained when the stripped body had been sucked away into the river."

"But I understand that all the other clothes were found in the room. Would the body be dressed in a coat alone?"
"No, sir; but the facts might be met

speciously enough. Suppose that this man Boone had thrust Neville St. Clair through

the window, there is no human eye which could have seen the deed. What would he

do then? It would, of course, instantly strike him that he must get rid of the tell-tale garments. He would seize the coat, then, and be in the act of throwing

It out, when it would occur to him that it would swim and not sink. He has little

time, for he has heard the scuffle down-stairs when the wife tried to force her way up, and perhaps he has already heard from his Lascar confederate that the police are hurrying up the street. There is not an in-stant to be lost. He rushes to some secret

horde, where he has accumulated the fruits of his beggary, and he stuffs all the coins

same with the other garments had not he heard the rush of steps below, and only

## E TEADWINTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES\_

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

## Mystery of the Man With the Twisted Lip.

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Whitney, D. D., principal of the Theological College of St. George's, was much addicted to opium. The habit grew upon him, as I understand, from some foolish freak when he was at college; for having read De Quincey's description of his dreams and sensations, he had drenched his tobacco with laudanum in an attempt to produce the same effects. He found, as so many more have done, that the practice is easier to at-

from a weary day.

We heard the door open, a few hurrled words and then quick steps upon the linoleum. Our own door new open and a lady, clad in some dark-colored stuff, with a black veil, entered the room.

"You will excuse my calling so late," she began, and then suddenly losing her self-control she ran forward, threw her arms about my wife's neck, and sobbed upon her shoulder. "Oh, I'm in such trouble!" she cried; "I do so want a little

help."
"Why," said my wife, pulling up her veil,
"Why," said my wife, pulling up her veil, "It is Kate Whitney. How you startled me, Kate! I had not an idea who you were

it. Or should you rather that I sent James off to bed?" "Oh, no, no! I want the doctor's advice, and help, too. It's about Isa. He has not

been home for two days. I am so fright-ened about him!"

It was not the first time that she had spoken to us of her husband's trouble, to me as a doctor, to my wife as an old friend and school companion. We soothed and comforted her by such words as we could find. Did she know where her hus-band was? Was it possible that we could

bring him back to her?
It seemed that it was. She had the surest information that of late he had, when the fit was on him, made use of an opium den if was on him, was in the farthest east of the city. Hitherto his orgies had always been confined to one day, and he had come back twitching and shattered, in the evening. But now the spell had been upon him eight-and-forty hours, and he lay there, doubtless among the dregs of the docks, breathing in the poison or sleeping off the effects. There he was to be found, she was sure of it, at the "Bar of Gold," in Upper Swandam lane. But what was she to do? How could she, a young and timid woman, make her way into such a place, and pluck her hus-band out from among the rufflans who sur-

There was the case, and of course there was but one way out of it. Might I not escort her to this place? And then, as second thought, why should she come at all? I was Isa Whitney's medical adviser, and as such I had influence over him. could manage it better if I were alone. promised her on my word that I would send him home in a cab within two hours were indeed at the address which sh had given me. And so in ten minutes I had left my arm-chair and cheery sitting-room behind me, and was speeding eastfuture only could show how strange it was

But there was no great difficulty in the first stage of my adventure. Upper Swandam lane is a vile alley lurking behind the high wharves which line the north side of the river to the east of London bridge. Be-tween a slop shop and a gin shop, approached by a steep flight of steps leading down to a black gap like the mouth of a cave, I found the den of which I was in search. Ordering my cab to wait, I passed down the steps, worn hollow in the center by the ceaseless tread of drunken feet, and by light of a flickering oil lamp above the door I found the latch, and made my into a long, low room, thick and heavy with the brown opium smoke, and terraced with wooden berths, like the forecastle of an emigrant ship.

Through the gloom one could dimly catch a glimpse of bodies lying in strange fanposes, bowed shoulders, bent knees. heads thrown back and chins pointing upward, with here and there a dark, lack-luster eye turned upon the newcomer. Out of the black shadows there glimmered little red circles of light, now bright, now faint, as the burning poison waxed or waned in the bowls of the metal pipes. The most lay silent, but some muttered to themselves, and others talked together in a strange, low, monotonous voice, their conversation coming in gushes, and then uddenly tailing off into silence, each mumbling out his own thoughts, and paying little heed to the words of his neighbor. At the farther end was a small brazier of burning charcoal, beside which on a threelegged wooden stool there sat a tall, thin old man, with his jaw resting upon his two fists, and his elbows upon his knees, staring into the fire. I entered, a sallow Malay attendant

had hurried up with a pipe for me and a supply of the drug, beckoning me to an empty berth. said I. "There is a friend of mine here, Mr. Isa Whitney, and I wish to speak with

tion from my right, and, peering through the gloom, I saw Whitney, pale, haggard and unkempt, staring out at me. It's Watson," said he. He was in a pitiable state of reaction, with every

nerve in a twitter. "I say, Watson, what o'clock is it?" "Nearly 11."

'Of what day?"

"Of Friday, June 19."
"Good heavens! I thought it was Wednesday. What d'you want to frighten a chap for?" He sank his face onto his arms and began to sob in a high treble key. "I tell you it is Friday, man. Your wife has been waiting this two days for you. You should be ashamed of yourself!

You should be ashamed or yourself!"
"So I am. But you've got mixed, Watson, for I have only been here a few hours, three pipes, four pipes—I forget how many. But I'll go home with you. I wouldn't frighten Kate—poor little Kate. Give me

Yes, I have one waiting."

"Then I shall go in it. But I must owe something. Find what I owe, Watson. I am all off color. I can do nothing for my-

I walked down the narrow passage between the double row of sleepers, holding my breath to keep out the vile, stupefying fumes of the drug, and looking about for the manager. As I passed the tall man who sat by the brazier I felt a succen

Isa Whitney, brother of the late Elias have excellent ears. If you would have the den in which you found me tonight—and, Whitney, D. D., principal of the Theologi-great kindness to get rid of that sottish running through the front room, she attempted to ascend the stairs which led to to have a little talk with you." 'I have a cab outside.'

"Then pray send him home in it. You may safely trust him, for he appears to be too limp to get into any mischief. I should rec-ommend you also to send a note by the cabman to your wife to say that you have thrown in your lot with me. If you will walt outside I shall be with you in five min-

tain than to get rid of, and for many years he continued to be a slave to the drug, an object of mingled horror and pity to his friends and relatives. I can see him now, with yellow, pasty face, drooping lids and pin-point pupils, all huddled in a chair, the wreck and ruln of a noble man.

One night—it was in June, '89—there came a ring to my bell, about the hour when a man gives his first yawn and glances at the clock. I sat up in my chair, and my wife laid her needle-work down in her lap and made a little face of disappointment.

"A patient!" said she. "You'll have to go out."

I groaned, for I was newly come back from a weary day.

It was difficult to refuse any of Sherlock Holmes' requests, for they were always so exceedingly definite and put forward with such a quiet air of mastery. I felt, however, that when Whitney was once confined in the cab my mission was practically accomplished, and for the rest, I could not wish anything better than to be associated with my friend in one of those singular adventures which were the normal condition of his existence. In a few minutes I had written my note, paid Whitney's bill, led him out to the cab and seen him driven through the darkness. In a very short time a decrepit figure had emerged from the opium den, and I was walking down the street with Sherlock Holmes. For two streets he shuffled along with a bent back and an uncertain foot. Then, glancing quickly around, he straightened himself out and burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"I suppose Watsan" said he It was difficult to refuse any of Sherlock

and burst into a hearty fit of laughter,
"I suppose, Watson," said he, "that you imagine that I have added opium smoking to cocaine injections, and all the other little weaknesses on which you have favored me with your medical views." with your medical views." "I was certainly surprised to find you

"But not more so than I to find you." "I came to find a friend."
"And I to find an enemy."

"An enemy?"

"Yes; one of my natural enemies, or, shall I say, my natural prey. Briefly, Watson, I am in the midst of a very remarkable inquiry, and have hoped to find a clue in the incoherent, ramblings of these sots, as I incoherent ramblings of these sots, as I when you came in."
I didn't know what to do, so I came straight to you." That was always the way. Folk who were in grief came to my wife like birds to a light-house.

"It was very sweet of you to come. Now." wife like birds to a light-house.

"It was very sweet of you to come. Now, you must have some wine and water, and sit here comfortably and tell us all about of the corner of Paul's wharf which near the corner of Paul's wharf which near the corner of Paul's wharf which could tell some strange tales of what has passed through it upon the moonless nights.'

> "What! You do not mean bodies?" "Aye, bodies, Watson. We should be rich men if we had £1,000 for every poor devil who has been done to death in that den. It is the vilest murder trap on the whole riverside, and I fear that Neville St. Clair has entered it never to leave it more. But our trap should be here." He put his two fore-fingers between his teeth and whistled shrilly—a signal which was answered by a similar whistle from the distance, followed shortly by the rattle of wheels and the clink

> dog cart dashed up through the gloom, throwing out two golden tunnels of yellow light from its side lanterns, "you'll come. with me, won't you?" "If I can be of use."

"Oh, a trusty comrade is always of use: and a chronicler still more so. My room at 'The Cedars' is a double-bedded one." 'The Cedars?'

"Yes; that is Mr. St. Clair's house. I am staying there while I conduct the inquiry."
"Where is it, then?" "Near Lee, in Kent. We have a seven-mile drive before us."

"But I am all in the dark." presently. John; we shall not need you. Here's half own. Look out for me tomorrow, about Give her her head. So long, then!" a crown. Look out for me He flicked the horse with his whip, and we dashed away through the endless succession of somber and deserted streets, which widened gradually, until we were flying across a broad balustraded bridge, with the murky river flowing sluggishly beneath us. Beyond lay another dull wilderness of bricks and mortar, its silence broken only ward in a hansom on a strange errand, as bricks and mortar, its silence broken only it seemed to me at the time, though the by the heavy, regular footfall of the policeman, or the songs and shouts of belated party of revelers. A dull wrack star or two twinkled dimly here and there through the rifts of the clouds. Holmes drove in silence, with his head sunk upon his breast, and the air of a man who is lost in thought, while I sat beside him, curious to learn what his new quest might be which seemed to tax his powers so sorely, and yet afraid to break in upon the current miles, and were beginning to get to the fringe of the belt of suburban villas, when he shook himself, shrugged his shoulders, and lit up his pipe with the air of a man who has satisfied himself that he is acting for the best

> "You have a grand gift of silence, Watson," said he. "It makes you quite in-valuable as a companion. 'Pon my word, it is a great thing for me to have some one to talk to, for my own thoughts are not over pleasant. I was wondering what I should say to this dear little woman tonight when she meets me at the door." You forget that I know nothing about

> "I shall just have time to tell you the facts of the case before we get to Lee. It seems absurdly simple, and yet, somehow, I can get nothing to go upon. There's plenty of thread, no doubt, but I can't get the end of it into my hand. Now, I'll state the case clearly and concisely to you, Watyou can see a spark where son, and maybe all is dark to me.

> "Proceed, then." "Some years ago-to be definite, in May 1884-there came to Lee a gentleman, Neville St. Clair by name, who appeared to have plenty of money. He took a large villa, laid out the grounds very nicely, and lived generally in good style. By degrees lived generally in good style. By degrees he made friends in the neighborhood, and in 1887 he married the daughter of a local brewer, by whom he now has two children. He had no occupation, but was interested in several companies, and went into town as a rule in the morning, returning by the 5:14 from Cannon street every night. Mr. St. Clair is now thirty-seven years of age, is a man of temperate habits, a good hus-band, a very affectionate father, and a man who is popular with all who know him. I may add that his whole debts at the present moment, as far as we have been able to ascertain, amount to £88 10s, while he has £220 standing to his credit in the Capital and Counties Bank. There is no reason, therefore, to think that money troubles have een weighing upon his mind.

> "Last Monday Mr. Neville St. Clair went into town rather earlier than usual, remarking before he started that he had two important commissions to perform, and that he would bring his little boy home a box of bricks. Now, by the merest chance, his wife received a telegram upon this same Monday, very shortly after his departure, to the effect that a small parcel of considerable value which she had been expecting was waiting for her at the offices of the Aberdeen Ship-ping Company. Now, if you are well up in your London you will know that the offices of the company is in Fresno street, which branches out of Upper Swandam lane, where you found me tonight. Mrs. St. Clair had her lunch, started for the city, did some shopping, proceeded to the company's office, got her packet and found herself at exactly 4:35 walking through Swandam lane on her way back to the station. Have you followed me

running through the front room, she at-tempted to ascend the stairs which led to the first floor. At the foot of the stairs, however, she met this Lascar scoundrel of whom I have spoken, who thrust her back and, aided by a Dane, who acts as assistant there, pushed her out into the street. Filled with the most maddening doubts and fears, she rushed down the lane, and, by rare good fortune, met, in Fresno street. a number of constables with an inspector, all on their way to their beat. The inspector and two men accompanied her back, and, in spite of the continued resistance of the proprietor, they made their way to the room in which Mr. St. Clair had last been seen. There was no sign of him there. In fact, in the whole of their floor there was fact, in the whole of that floor there was no one to be found save a crippled wretch of hideous aspect, who, it seems, made his home there. Both he and the Lascar stoutly swore that no one else had been in the front room during the afternoon. So de-termined was their denial that the inspector was staggered, and had almost come to believe that Mrs. St. Clair had been deluded, when, with a cry, she sprang at a small deal box which lay upon the table and tore the lid from it. Out there fell a cascade of children's bricks. It was the toy which he had promised to bring home.
"This discovery, and the evident confusion which the cripple showed, made the

just had time to close the window whe the police appeared." "It certainly sounds feasible."

"I know that all is well with him. There is so keen a sympathy between us that I should know if evil came up on him."

"Of course you are. You'll know all about | inspector realize that the matter was seri- "Well, we will take it as a working hy-The rooms were carefully examine and results all pointed to an abominable crime. The front room was plainly furnished as a sitting room and led into a small bed room, which looked out upon the back of one of the wharves. Between the wharf and the bed room window is a narrow strip, which is dry at low tide, but is covered at high tide with at least four and a half feet of water. The bed room win-dow was a broad one, and opened from below. On examination traces of blood were be seen upon the window sill and sev eral scattered drops were visible upon the wooden floor of the bed room. Thrust away behind a curtain in the front room with the exception of his coat. His boots, his socks, his hat and his watch-all were there. There were no signs of violence upon other traces of Mr. Neville St. Clair Out of the window he must apparently have gone, for no other exit could be discovered, and the ominous bloodstains upon the sill gave little promise that he could save him-

self by swimming, for the tide was at its very highest at the moment of the tragedy. "And now as to the villians who seemed to be immediately implicated in the matter The Lascar was known to be a man of the vilest antecedents, but as, by Mrs. St. Clair's story, he was known to have been at the foot of the stairs within a very few seconds of her husband's appearance at the window, he could hardly have been more than an accessory to the crime. His defense was one of absolute ignorance, and he protested that he had no knowledge as to the doings of Hugh Boone, his lodger, and that he could not account in any way for the presence of the missing gentleman's clothes.

"So much for the Lascar manager. Now for the sinister cripple who lives upon the second floor of the opium den and who was certainly the last human being whose eyes rested upon Neville St. Clair. His name is Hugh Boone and his hideous face is one which is familiar to every man who goes much to the city. He is a professional beggar, though in order to avoid the police regulations he pretends to a small trade in wax vestas. Some little distance down Threadneedie street, upon the left-hand side, there is, as you may have remarked, a small angle in the wall. Here it is that this creature takes his daily seat, crosslegged, with his tiny stock of matches on his lap, and as he is a piteous spectacle a small rain of charity descends into the greasy leather cap which lies upon the pavement beside him. I have watched the fellow more than once, before ever I thought of making his professional acquaintance, and I have been surprised at the harvest which he has reaped in a short time. His appearance, you see, is so re-markable that no one can pass him without observing him. A shock of orange hair, a pale face disfigured by a horrible scar, which, by its contraction, has turned up the outer edges of his upper lip, a bulldog chin and a pair of very penetrating dark eyes, which present a singular contrast to the color of his hair, all mark him out from amid the common crowd of mendi-cants, and so, too, does his wit, for he is ever ready with a reply to any piece of chaff which may be thrown at him by the passers-by. This is the man whom we now learn to have been the lodger at the opium den and to have been the last man to see the gentleman of whom we are in

"But a cripple!" said I. "What could be have done single-handed against a man in the prime of life?"

"He is a cripple in the sense that he walks with a limp; but in other respects he appears to be a powerful and well-nurtured man. Surely your medical experience would tell you, Watson, that weakness in one limb is often compensated for by exceptional strength in the others." "Pray continue your narrative."
"Mrs. St. Clair had fainted at the sight

of the blood upon the window and she was escorted home in a cab by the police, as

hesis for want of a better. Boone, as have told you, was arrested and taken to the station, but it could not be shown that there had ever before been anything against him. He had for years been known as a professional beggar, but his life ap-peared to have been a very quiet and in-nocent one. There the matter stands at present, and the questions which have to be solved—what Neville St. Clair was doing in the opium den, what happened to him when there, where is he now, and what Hugh Boone had to do with his disappearance-are all as far from a solution as ever confess that I cannot recall any case with In my experience which looked at the first glance so simple, and yet which presented such difficulties."

While Sherlock Holmes had been detail ing this singular series of events, we had been whirling through the outskirts of the great town until the last straggling houses had been left behind, and we rattled along with a country hedge upon either side of us. Just as he finished, however, we drove through two scattered villages, where a few ights still glimmered in the windows. "We are on the outskirts of Lee," said my companion. "We have touched on three English counties in our short drive, start-ing in Middlesex, passing over an angle of

Surrey, and ending in Kent. See that light among the trees? That is 'The Cedars,' and beside that lamp sits a woman whose anxious ears have already, I have little doubt, caught the clink of our horse's feet." "But why are you not conducting the case from Baker street?" I asked. "Because there are many inquiries which must be made out here. Mrs. St. Clair has most kindly put two rooms at my disposal and you may rest assured that she will

have nothing but a welcome for my friend and colleague. I hate to meet her, Watson, when I have no news of her husband. Here we are. Whoa, there, whoa!"
We had pulled up in front of a large villa which stood within its own grounds. A stable boy had run out to the horse's head, and, springing down, I followed Holmes up the small, winding gravel drive which led to the house. As we approached the door flew open, and a little blonder woman stood in the opening, clad in some sort of light mousseline de soie, with a touch of fluffy pink chiffon at her neck and wrists. She stood with her figure outlined against the flood of light, one hand upon the

door, one half raised in her eagerness, her body slightly bent, her head and face proruded, with eager eyes and parted lips, a standing question.
"Well?" she cried, "well?" And then, see ing that there were two of us, she gave a cry of hope which sank into a groan as she saw that my companion shock his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"No good news?"
"None." "No bad?"

"Thank God for that. But come in. You nust be weary, for you have had a long

This is my friend, Dr. Watson. He has been of most vital use to me in several of my cases, and a lucky chance has made it possible for me to bring him out and asso-ciate him with this investigation."
"I am delighted to see you," said she, pressing my hand warmly. "You will, I am sure, forgive anything that may be wanting in our arrangements when you consider the blow which has come so suddenly

"My dear madam," said I, "I am an oic campaigner, and if I were not I can very well see that no apology is needed. If I can be of any assistance, either to you o to my friend ere, I shall be indeed happy. Now, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said lady, as we entered a well-lit dining room upon the table of which a cold supper had been laid out. "I should very much like to you one or two plain questions, to which I beg that you will give a plain an

"Do not trouble about my feelings. I am not hysterical; not given to fainting. simply wish to hear your real, real opinion. "Upon what point?"

He snatched it from her in his eagerness, and smoothing it out upon the table, he drew over the lamp, and examined it intently. I had left my chair, and was gazing at it over his shoulder. The envelope was a very coarse one, and was stamped with the Gravesend post mark, and with the date of that very day, or rather of the day before, for it was considerably after midnight. "Coarse writing," murmured Holmes. "Surely this is not your husband's writing, madam." declared that she must have been either mad or dreaming. He was removed, loud-ly protesting, to the police station, while the inspector remained upon the premises ford some fresh clew.

"And it did, though they hardly found upon the mud-bank what they had feared to find. It was Neville St. Clair's coat, and not Neville St. Clair, which lay uncovered as the tide receded. And what do you think they found in the pockets?"

"No, but the enclosure is."
"I perceive also that whoever addressed the envelope had to go and inquire as to the "How can you tell that?"

"How can you tell that?"
"The name, you see, is in perfectly black ink, which has dried itself. The rest is of the grayish color, which shows that blotting paper has been used. If it had been written straight off, and then blotted, none would be of a deep black shade. This man has written the name, and there has then been a pause before he wrote the address, which can only mean that he man has not restricted. can only mean that he was not familiar with it. It is, of course, a triffe, but there is nothing so important as triffes. Let us now see the letter. Ha! there has been an inclosure here!"

"Yes, there was a ring—his signet ring."
"And are you sure that this is your hus-"One of his hands."

"One?"
"His hand when he wrote hurriedly. It s very unlike his usual writing, and yet I

know it well." "Dearest, do not be frightened. All will come well. There is a huge error which it may take some little time to rectify. Waft in patience.—Neville." Written in pencil upon the fly-leaf of a book, octavo size, no water-mark. Hum! Posted today in Graves-end by a man with a dirty thumb. Ha! And the flap has been gummed. If I am not very much in error, by a person who had been chewing tobacco. And you have no doubt that it is your husband's hand, madam?"

"None. Neville wrote those words."

"And they were posted today at Graves-end. Well, Mrs. St. Clair, the clouds lighten, though I should not venture to say that

upon which he can lay his hands into the pockets to make sure of the coat's sinking. He throws it out, and would have done the en, though I should not venture to say that the danger is over."

"But he must be alive, Mr. Holmes."
"Unless this is a clever forgery to put us on the wrong scent. The ring after all proves nothing. It may have been taken from him." "No, no; it is, it is his very own

"Very well. It may, however, have been written on Monday, and only posted today."
"That is possible."

"If so, much may have happened be-"Oh, you must not discourage me, Mr. Holmes. I know that all is well with him. There is so keen a sympathy between us that I should know if evil came upon him. On the very day that I saw him last he cut himself in the bed room, and yet I, in the dining room, rushed upstairs instantly with the utmost certainty that something had happened. Do you think that I would respond to such a trifle and yet be ignor-ant of his death?"

"I have seen too much not to know that the impression of a woman may be more valuable than the conclusion of an analytical reasoner. And in this letter you certainly have a very strong piece of evidence to corroborate your view. But if your hus-band is alive, and able to write letters, why should he remain away from you?"

"I cannot imagine. It is unthinkable."
"And on Monday he made no remarks before leaving you?" "And you were surprised to see him in Swandam lane?"

"Very much so."
"Was the window open?" "Then he might have called to you."

"He only, as I understand, gave an inarticulate cry?

"A call for help, you thought?"
"Yes. He waved his hands."
"But it might have been a cry of surprise. Astonishment at the unexpected sight of you might cause him to throw up his hands?" "It is possible." 'And you thought he was pulled back?"

"He disappeared so suddenly."
"He might have leaped back. You did not see any one else in the room?"
"No, but this horrible man confe having been there, and the Lascar was at the foot of the stairs. "Quite so. Your husband, as far as yould see, had his ordinary clothes on?"

"But without his collar or tie. I dissaw his bare throat.' "Had he ever spoken of Swandam lane?"

"Never."
"Had he ever shown any signs of havng taken opium?" "Thank you, Mrs. St. Clair. Those are the principal points about which I wished

to be absolutely clear. We shall now have a little supper and then retire, for we may have a very busy day tomorrow."

A large and comfortable double-bedded room had been placed at our disposal, and I was quickly between the sheets, for I was weary after my night of adventure.
Sherlock Holmes was a man, however,
who, when he had an unsolved problem
upon his mind, would go for days, and even for weeks, without rest, turning over, rearranging his facts, looking at it from every point of view, until he had either fathomed it or convinced himself that his data were insufficient. It was soon evident to me that he was now pre-paring for an all-night sitting. He took off his coat and waistcoat, put on a large blue dressing gown, and then wandered about the room, collecting pilows from his bed and cushions from the sofa and arm chairs. With these he constructed a sort of eastern divan, upon which he perched himself cross-legged with an ounce of shag tobacco and a box of matches laid out in front of him. In dim light of the lamp I saw him sitting there, an old briar pipe between his lips, his eyes fixed vacantly upon the corner of the celling, the blue smoke curling up from him, silent, motionless, with the light shining upon his strong-set, aqui-line features. So he sat as I dropped off to sleep, and so he sat when a sudden ejaculation caused me to wake up, and I found the summer sun shining apartment. The pipe was still between his lips, the smoke still curled upward, and the room was full of a dense tobacco haze, but nothing remained of the heap of shag which I had seen upon the previous

"Awake, Watson?" he asked. '

"Yes." "Game for morning drive?" "Certainly."

"Then dress. No one is stirring yet, but I know where the stable boy sleeps, and we shall soon have the trap out." He chuckled to himself as he spoke, his eyes twinkled and he seemed a different man to the somber thinker of the previous night. As I dressed I glanced at my watch, It was no wonder that no one was stirring.

It was twenty-five minutes past four. I had hardly finished when Holmes returned with the news that the boy was putting in "I want to test a little theory of mine, said he, pulling on his boots.

Watson, that you are now standing in the presence of one of the most absolute fools in Europe. I deserve to be kicked from here to Charing Cross. But I think I have the key of the affair now."
"And where is it?" I asked, smiling "In the bath room," he answered. yes, I am not joking," he continued,

been there, and I have taken it out, and I have got it in this Gladstone bag. Come on, my boy, and we shall see whether it will not fit the lock." We made our way down stairs as quietly as possible, and out into the bright morning sunshine. In the road stood our horse and trap, with the half-clad stable boy waiting at the head. We both sprang in, and away we dashed down the London road. A few

country carts were stirring, bearing in vegetables to the metropolis, but the lines of villas on either side were as silent and of villas on either side were as slient and lifeless as some city in a dream.

"It has been in some points a singular case," said Holmes, flicking the horse on into a gallop. "I confess that I have been as blind as a mole, but it is better to learn as blind as a mole, but it is better to learn the state of the property to learn the state of the state of

"What can I do for you, Mr. Holmes?"
"I called about that beggarman, Boonehe one who was charged with being conerned in the disappearance of Mr. Neville
If Clair of Lee."

St. Clair of Lee."

"Yes. He was brought up and remanded for further inquiries."

"So I heard. Have you him here?"

"In the cells."

"Oh, he gives no trouble. But he is irty scoundrel."

dirty scoundrel."
"Dirty?"
"Yes, it is all we can do to make him wash his hands, and his face is as black as a tinker's. Well, when once his case has been settled, he will have a regular prison bath, and I think, if you saw him, you would agree with me that he needed it."
"I should like to see him very much."
"Would you? That is easily done. Come this way. You can leave your bag."
"No, I think that I'll take it."
"Very good. Come this way, if you

"Very good. Come this way, if you please." He led us down a passage, opened a barred door, passed down a winding stair and brought us to a whitewashed corridor

with a line of doors on each side.

"The third on the right is his," said the inspector. "Here it is!" He quietly shot back a panel in the upper part of the door and glanced through.

"He is asleep," said he. "You can see him very well." We both put our eyes to the grating. The prisoner lay with his face toward us in a very deep sleep, breathing slowly and heavily. He was a middle-sized man, cearsely

clad, as became his calling, with a colored shirt protruding through the rent in his tattered coat. He was, as the inspector had said, extremely dirty, but the grime which covered his face could not conceal its repulsive ugliness. A broad wheal from an old scar run right across it from eye to chin, and ty its contraction had turned up one side of the upper lip, so that three teeth were exposed in a perpetual snarl. A shock of very bright red hair grew low over his eyes and forehead.
"He's a beauty, isn't he?" said the in-

'He certainly needs a wash," remarked Holmes. 'I had an idea that he might, and I took the liberty of bringing the tools with me." He opened the Gladstone bag as he spoke and took out, to my astonishment, a very large bath sponge.
"He! he! You are a funny one," chuckled

the inspector.

"Now, if you will have the great goodness to open that door very quietly, we will soon make him cut a much more respectable

"Well, I don't know why not," said the inspector. "He doesn't look a credit to the Bow street cells, does he?" He slipped his key into the lock and we all very quietly en-tered the cell. The sleeper half turned and then settled down once more into a deep slumber. Holmes stooped to the water jug. moistened his sponge and then rubbed it twice vigorously across and down the prisoner's face.

"Let me introduce you," he shouted, "to Mr. Neville St. Clair of Lee, in the county

of Kent."

"Never in my life have I seen such a sight. The man's face peeled off under the sponge like the bark from a tree. Gone was the coarse brown tint! Gone, too, was the horrid scar which had seamed it across and the twisted lip which had given the regulater speer to the face! A twitch repulsive sneer to the face! A twitch brought away the tangled red hair, and there, sitting up in his bed, was a pale, sad-faced, refined-looking man, black-haired and smooth-skinned, rubbing his haired and smooth-skinned, rubbing may eyes and staring about him with sleepy be-wilderment. Then, suddenly realizing the exposure, he broke into a scream and threw himself down with his face to the pillow. "Great heavens!" cried the inspector, "it "Great heavens!" cried the inspector, "it is, indeed, the missing man. I know him from the photograph."

The prisoner turned with the reckless air

of a man who abandons himself to his des-tiny. "Be it so," said he. "And pray, what am I charged with?" With making away with Mr. Neville St.

-... Oh, come, you can't be charged with that, unless they make a case of attempted suicide of it." said the inspector, with a grin. "Well. I have been twenty-seven years in the force, but this really takes the

cake."
"If I am Mr. Neville St. Clair, then it is obvious that no crime has been committed, and that, therefore, I am illegally de-

"No crime, but a very great error has been committed," said Holmes. "You would have done better to have trusted your "It was not the wife, it was the children," groaned the prisoner. "God help me, I would not have them ashamed of their father. My God! What an exposure! What can I do?"

Sherlock Holmes sat down beside him on the couch and patted him kindly on the

shoulder. "If you leave it to a court of law to clear the matter up," said he, "of course you can hardly avoid publicity. On the other hand, if you convince the police authorities that there is no possible case against you, I do not know that there is any reason that the details should find their way into the papers. Inspector Bradstreet would, I am sure, make notes upon anything which you might tell us, and submit it to the proper authorities. The case would then never go into court at all."

"God bless you!" cried the prisoner, pas-sionately. "I would have endured imprison-ment, aye, even execution, rather than have eft my miserable secret as a family blot

to my children.
"You are the first who have ever heard my story. My father was a schoolmaster in Chesterfield, where I received an excellent education. I traveled in my youth, took to the stage, and finally became a reporter on an evening paper in London. One day my editor wished to have a series of articles upon begging in the metropolis, and I vol-unteered to supply them. There was the point from which all my adventures started. It was only by trying begging as an amateur that I could get the facts upon which to base my articles. When an actor I had, of course, learned all the secrets of making up, and had been famous in the green room for my skill. I took advantage now of my attainments. I painted my face, and to make myself as pitiable as possible I made a good scar and fixed one side of my lip in a good sear and fixed on a small slip of flesh-colored plaster. Then with a red head of hair, and an appropriate dress, I took my station in the busiest part of the city, os-tensibly as a match seller, but really as a beggar. For seven hours I plied my trade, and when I returned home in the evening I found, to my surprise, that I had re-ceived no less than 26s. 4d.

"I wrote my articles, and thought little more of the matter until, some time later. I backed a bill for a friend, and had a writ served upon me for £25. I was at my wits' end where to get the money. sudden idea came to me. I begged a fortnight's grace from the editor, asking for a holiday from my employers, and spent the there can be no dispute.

time in begging in the city under my dis-guise. In ten days I had the money and had paid the debt,

paid the debt.

"Well, you can imagine how hard it was to settle down to archous work at £2 a week, when I knew that I could earn as much in a day by smearing my face with a little paint, laying my cap on the ground and sittling still. It was a long fight between my pride and, the money, but the dollars won at last, and I threw up reporting, and sat day after day in the corner which I had first chosen, inspiring pity by my ghastly face, and filling my pockets with coppers. Only one man knew my secret. He was the keeper of a low den in which I used to lodge in Swandam lane, where I could every morning emerge as a squalid beggar, and in the evenings transform myself into a well-dressed man about town. This fellow, a Lascar, was well paid by me for his rooms, so that I knew

paid by me for his rooms, so that I knew that my secret was safe in his possession.

"Well, very soon I found that I was saving considerable sums of money. I do not mean that any beggar in the streets of London could earn £700 a year—which is less than my average takings—but I had exless than my average takings—but I had exceptional advantages in my power of making up, and also in a facility of repartee, which improved by practice, and made megaite a recognized character in the city. All day a scream of pennies, varied by sliver, poured in upon me, and it was a very bad day in which I failed to take £2.

"As I grew richer I grew more ambitious, took a house in the country, and eventually married, without any one having a suspicion as to my real occupation. My dear wife knew that I had business in the city. She little knew what.

"Last Monday I had finished for the day.

She little knew what.

"Last Monday I had finished for the day, and was dressing in my room above the opium den, when I looked out of my window and saw, to my horror and astonishment, that my wife was standing in the street with her eyes fixed full upon me. I gave a cry of surprise, threw up my arms to cover my face, and, rushing to my confidant, the Lascar, entreated him to prevent any one from coming up to me. to prevent any one from coming up to me. I heard her voice down stairs, but I knew I heard her voice down stairs, but I knew that she could not ascend. Swiftly I threw off my clothes, pulled on those of a beggar, and put on my pigments and wig. Even a wife's eyes could not pierce so complete a disguise. But then it occurred to me that there might be a search in the room, and that the clothes might betray me. I threw open the window, reopening by my violence a small cut which I had inflicted upon myself in the bed room that morning. Then I selzed my coat, which was weighted by the coppers which I had just transferred to it from the leather bag in which I carried my takings. I hurled it out of the window, and it disappeared into the Thames. The other clothes would have followed, but at that moment there

confess, to my relief, that instead of being identified as Mr. Neville St. Clair, I was arrested as his murderer.
"I do not know that there is anything else for me to explain. I was determined to preserve my disguise as long as possible, and hence my preference for a dirty face. Knowing that my wife would be terribly anxious, I slipped on my ring and confided it to the Lascar at a moment when no constable was watching me, together with a hurried scrawl, telling her that she had no cause to fear."

"That note only reached her yesterday," said Holmes.

was a rush of constables up the stair, and a few minutes after I found, rather, I

"Good God! What a week she must have "The police have watched this Lascar," said Inspector Bradstreet, "and I can quite understand that he might find it difficult to post a letter unobserved. Probably he handed it to some safter customer of his, who forgot all about it for some days."

"That was it," said Holmes, nodding approvingly; "I have no doubt of it. But have you never been prosecuted for beggin ""Many times; but what was a fine to

"It must stop here, however," said Brad-street. "If the police are to hush this thing up there must be no more of Hugh "I have sworn it by the most solemn oaths which a man can take."
"In that case I think that it is probable that no further steps may be taken. But if you are found again, then all must come

out. I am sure, Mr. Holmes, that we are very much indebted to you for having cleared the matter up. I wish I knew how you reach your results." "I reached this one," said my friend, sitting upon five pillows and consuming an ounce of shag. I think, Watson, that if we drive to Baker street we shall just

be in time for breakfast. \_ (The End.)

"Has Got." From the Chicago Chronicle. We have received from a valued reader the following criticism of the Chronicle's

grammar: .. "Will you kindly justify the use of "has got" as grammatical? I ask you the question in good faith, as I have noticed not a few times recently that you have used these words in your editorial columns in the same manner in which they are used in the editorial inclosed. I have always considered the Chronicle an ideal news-

paper in every respect and its grammar absolutely correct. It is for these reasons that I ask the question. G. C. T."
We highly approve of the intelligent public exercising a sort of censorship over newspaper grammar and rhetoric. The complaints are not as numerous as they should be, for "newspaper English" has now become something of a reproach. We do not even claim that we ourselves are perfect in this respect, but the criti-cism of Mr. Tucker is strangely incon-

siderate. a single dictionary he would have seen at a glance that "has got" is good grammar. Webster, Worcester, Murray and the Standard and Century dictionaries all give "got" as the preferable passive par-ticiple of "get." with "gotten" as an al-lowable form. Webster and Worcester give "gotten" as obsolescent, and Murray says: "In England the form 'gotten' of the past participle is almost obsolete, being superseded by 'got.' In the United States literature 'gotten' is still very common, although Webster gives it as

The sentence in which we used the words objected to was this: "The Japanese war has held the mirro up to Rusface until she has got herself that she can never forget." Perhaps the Chronicle's correspondent means that "has got," though grammatical, is inelegant and that we should have s "has had," or something of that kind. so, we can only say that such a distinc-tion is a matter of taste, about which

